Home Reading.

...and the Freedmen.

...e free.
...in living light,

...ll;
...ing fog,
...ignant

...—
...com then—
...and fought and bled
...men.

...ga waves
...the sand,
...lds to rest
...ollowed hand.

...degrees,
...ed by night,
...se who hold a wrong
...ed right,

...ourselves,
...ghtful
...and the weak against
...ng and the bold.

...r their rights,
...the nation bears;
...ed for liberties,
...ours with theirs.

...only seen
...ourn rights betrayed,
...in if we ourselves
...coin are paid?

...wrong seems light
...by other men;
...sferred unto ourselves
...then.

...length shall end,
...ons again prevail;
...wrong who rules the storm,
...cannot fail.

—*Troy Daily Times.*

Pluck and Prayer.

...e w'at any use o' fretting,
...Ah, I told Obadiah so,
...couldn't hold on to things
...Went just got to let 'em go.
...a lots of folks that'd suffer
...with the rest of us,
...An' didn't seem to be wu'th our while
...like such a dreffle fuss.

...re, the barn was 'most empty,
...An' on an' pertaters scarce,
...much of anything plenty an' cheap
...ter—an' apple-sass.
...—as I told Obadiah—
...It ain't any use to groan,
...An' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
...nothing but skin an' bone.

...s—if you'd only heerd him,
...Most hour of the night,
...out in that closet there,
...have set you crazy quite.
...the knees of those trousers,
...cloth that was nowhys thin,
...seemed as if the pieces wore out
...best as I sot 'em in.

...said mighty little
...Of the thorny way we trod,
...at least a dozen times a day
...He tuned it over with God.
...Down on his knees in that closet
...The most of his time was passed;
...Obadiah knew how to pray
...Much better than how to fast.

...But I say that way contrairy
...Kind of things don't go jest right,
...Like rollin' my sleeves up high
...An' gittin' ready to fight.
...An' so grants I slew that Winter
...I can't goin' to talk about;
...An' I didn't complain to God,
...Though I think that He found it out.

...the point of a cambric needle
...Drive the wolf from the door,
...Feel sure that we needn't starve to death
...Or crazy because we were poor.
...An' though he wondered,
...A-sort o' pe'tchin' his knees,
...An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
...An' stronger we didn't freeze.

...Used to myself in whispers,
...Most knows where His gifts descends;
...An' always that faith gits down
...As far as the finger ends."
...An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
...My Obadiah a shirk,
...For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
...And others the gift to work.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

Madge's Mistake.

We start for Egypt on Thursday, old ...I have not yet broken the news to ...poor girl!' But it will have to be ...no loss of time, although I shrink ...ordeal."

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, ...five and twenty, with bright ...dark, resolute face. He looked ...soldier as he stood beside his ...the platform of the crowded Lon... ..., where they had met each ...after a separation of some eighteen ...

"...," said the young officer's friend, ...you are not engaged? You, who ...so proud to proclaim yourself ...ater."

"...engaged," returned George En... ...a slight flush on his bronzed ... "Not engaged, Le Roy, but mar... Where have you been all these ... to have heard the news!'"

"I ...forgotten how time passes," said Le R... ...tly. "Of course the world has ...standing still since I left England, ...with determination not to open ...a newspaper until I had regained ...and strength I had exhausted in ...study."

"...you have gained your object," said ... with friendly solicitude. "You ...to yourself again."

Le Roy made no immediate answer, but ...turned his eyes away that George might not ...the look of anguish which had darkened ...for a moment.

"I am better," he said at last, with no ...of emotion on his fine face. "I am ...better, or I should not have returned to ...the old life."

"You have come home for good?" said ...eagerly. "You really mean to re... ...England?"

"Yes," said Le Roy, absently. "A man ...fly from himself. I have come to ...conclusion that the man who seeks ...in travel, had far better remain at ...."

George felt that Le Roy was hiding ...from him, but he would not utter ...to bridge the barrier of reserve ...friend had allowed to come be... ...them.

"He shall tell me of his own free will, or ..." thought George Enfield. "I ...try to wring his secret from him."

There was silence between them for a ... as they strode up and down, each oc... with his own thoughts.

George was the first to speak, and his voice startled Le Roy, arousing him from a painful reverie. He looked up eagerly, meeting the eager gaze of his friend.

"What is it, George?" he asked apologetically. "Forgive me, but I scarcely heard what you were saying."

"I was telling you, Le Roy, that my people do not approve of my marriage, and I could not think of letting Madge go to them."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Le Roy. "It must be hard for her and for you; she will not be quite alone, I hope. Of course, your wife has her own friends."

"She has one sister," replied George, "but the two poor children will be very lonely when I am gone, Le Roy, and I want you to extend your friendship to them." It was a strange request to make, but George could see nothing strange in it. He loved his friend, and had every faith in him; he knew that Wilfred Le Roy was the soul of honor.

"How fortunate that I should have met you here," he continued, without giving Le Roy time to speak. "You must come to our little villa and let me introduce you to my wife. I know you have an eye for beauty and will appreciate my good taste. Don't accuse me of egotism, old fellow, until you have seen my Madge."

They jumped into a cab, and as they drove quickly in the direction of George's home, the two friends fell to talking of old times, and Le Roy was laughing quite merrily when the hansom drew up before a pretty cottage not far from Hampstead Heath.

A pretty little maid with bright eyes and rosy cheeks opened the door in answer to George's ring, and Le Roy followed her into a quietly furnished parlor, where a young lady was bending over some needlework.

"Madge!" said George, putting his hand on her shoulder, "let me introduce you to the best friend I have in the world—Wilfred Le Roy; Wilfred, this is my wife."

They looked at each other, and a sudden ghastly pallor came over Le Roy's face, while the girl seemed about to faint. Then, with a warning glance, as quick as a flash of lightning, Le Roy held out his hand to his friend's wife, and expressed his pleasure at making her acquaintance.

"Where is Bertie?" asked the unconscious George. "In the garden, as usual, I suppose. I'll go and look for her."

And he hurried out of the room, leaving his wife and Wilfred alone together. Madge leaned back in her chair, white as the lace work that had fallen from her slender fingers.

"You won't tell him!" she said piteously, lifting her beautiful eyes to Wilfred's face. Wilfred was silent for a moment; he could scarcely trust himself to speak. But he controlled his anger by a mighty effort, and said calmly:

"Let the past rest—it is gone forever. I wish to remember only that I am your husband's friend."

It cost him a great deal to speak these words, for Madge had treated him very badly in days gone by. They had been engaged, and she had jilted him on finding that his prospects were less bright than people had led her to imagine. It had been a secret engagement, and he had never told the wrong she had done. But it was rather hard on him to find that she was the wife of his friend, and that he was expected to look after her during George's absence.

The worst of it was that he loved her still, although he felt that she was unworthy of his love. Weak and fickle as she had been, he could not help the memory of the sweet past coming back to him when he looked at her beautiful face.

"Then you will keep my secret?" said Madge, anxiously; "George has such strict ideas. He would be angry if he knew I had been engaged to you. I don't think he will ever forgive me."

"You can trust my word, I hope," returned Wilfred, coldly—all the more coldly because of the love he could not subdue.

And then he held up his hand warningly, for he could hear voices in the hall, and in another moment George entered the room in company with a young lady whom Le Roy had never seen before, for she had been at school in Germany when he had first known Madge.

George introduced her informally to Le Roy as his sister-in-law and then left her to entertain his friend while he took his wife out of the room to break the sad news to her of his speedy departure for Egypt.

She cried a little, for although she did not love her husband very much, he had been kind to her when her father's failure and death reduced her and her sister to poverty, and he had given them both a home by making her his wife.

But for that—she reflected with a shudder—they would have had to go out in the world and work for their living. Bessie would not have minded it so much, but Madge had recoiled from the prospect of working for her daily bread with horror.

They went back to the drawing-room after a time, and Madge sat down at the piano at her husband's request and played for them, but she could not sing—she could not, while Wilfred was in the room.

She had liked him better than she had liked George, although her husband was better looking than his friend, and the old fascination was creeping over her.

If she had been a wise woman she would have objected to be left under Wilfred's guardianship, but unfortunately she was a very foolish one and it seemed to her a very pleasant arrangement.

Now that he had promised not to speak of the past to George, she was quite cordial and friendly with Wilfred.

"It will be so nice for us to have a friend to look after us while George is away," she said, "will it not, Bertie?"

"Very," returned Bertie, rather dryly. Girl as she was, she thought Le Roy altogether too young and too handsome for the responsibility he had undertaken.

Bertie was very sweet and girlish, with soft blue eyes and a closely cropped head that gave her quite a childlike appearance. Not so brilliantly handsome as her sister, perhaps; but, nevertheless, a very pretty girl.

When George was on his way to Egypt Le Roy called daily at the cottage, often staying to partake of afternoon tea with the two sisters, who always gave him a warm welcome.

"He is very handsome," said Bertie, as she watched him riding down the street on his brown mare, after spending the afternoon with them.

Something in the tone of her voice and the way she looked after Wilfred annoyed Madge, who had never noticed how pretty her sister was getting until that moment.

"Yes," she said, "he is handsome, poor fellow!" and as she uttered these words Madge sighed.

"Why 'poor fellow?'" asked Bertie quickly, turning to look at her sister.

"Because he will never marry."

"How do you know that?" cried Bertie, coloring vividly. "Has he told you so?"

"No, but I happen to know; he loved some one long ago, and will never forget her."

"What can you know about Wilfred Le Roy?"—incredulously. "We have only known him a few weeks."

"I knew him before poor father died," said Madge, playing with her rings to avoid meeting her sister's steady gaze.

"And you let George think you had never met before," said Bertie, slowly. "You never loved him," opening her blue eyes. "If you had loved him you would have been true, in spite of his poverty."

Months passed on, and, taking up the *Times* one morning, Wilfred came upon his friend's name in the list of the slain.

It was a terrible blow for him, as he had loved George with quite a brotherly affection.

Madge went into hysterics when she heard the news, but soon calmed down, showing admirable resignation to her loss. Bertie, indeed, seemed to feel it the most.

Wilfred came as usual to the cottage, and one day when he and Madge were alone, rather abruptly alluded to the past.

"He can't be going to propose already," thought the pretty widow, and decided in her own mind to put him off at least a twelve-month.

"Madge," said Wilfred earnestly, "when I first came here and found you the wife of my friend, I thought I should go mad."

Madge murmured something about it being too soon to talk of such things, but he did not appear to heed her.

"Yes," he went on, "I loved you still. Forgive me—it was wrong, and I couldn't help it. And now—"

He paused for a moment, and Madge colored hotly, forgetting her recent bereavement and knowing only that the man she loved was metaphorically at her feet.

"And now?" she said, softly lifting her eyes to his face.

"And now," he returned, in an agitated voice, "now I love—I love your sister."

Mrs Enfield's complexion had never looked more lovely—her cheeks were like roses, but her eyes—well, they had rather an angry sparkle, and her lips were slightly compressed:

"I am glad—very glad, indeed," she said, with emphasis. "If I were Bertie, I should not care for a man's second love; but, of course, everybody to their taste."

And with this parting taunt she walked out of the room just as Bertie entered it. The girl could not understand the meaning of the angry look her sister gave her.

She did understand it, though, a moment later, when Wilfred caught her in his arms and told her of his love.

After all, it was fortunate for all concerned that affairs had taken this turn, for a short time later on it was found that George Enfield's name should have been among the "missing," not the killed.

Madge, to do her justice, was genuinely glad when she heard that her husband had "turned up" safe and sound, and welcomed him as warmly as if she had never thought of being his friend's wife.

So all ends happily, and—for George, at least—where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.

Warning Against Sealskins.

Dr. S. Solis Cohen, the eminent specialist in throat and chest diseases, said to a reporter yesterday that furs upon garments to be worn about the shoulders and neck are all of them to be avoided. The thoughtless manner in which the garments are thrown back from the shoulders and throat after the body has been unduly heated by them, is the chief objection to the furs. They also prevent proper circulation, and as the body in ordinary weather can be kept sufficiently warm with other and lighter garments, the furs should be abandoned. A small fur boa, which is thrown about the throat while the wearer is in the open air, and at once thrown aside upon entering the house, is considered a good thing. "The sealskin coats, however, are specially worthy of notice," said the doctor. "because they have become so common. It is entirely too heavy a wrap for this section. If used discreetly and only in very cold weather it is unobjectionable; but the trouble is that some of the fair owners of the pretty coats wear them in pretty much all sorts of weather, because they are both fashionable and becoming, and because many ladies can only afford the one garment and must wear it at all times. Thus it is a wrap of everyday use in a climate which does not require so heavy a garment. The result is frequent perspirations suddenly checked. This means cold, consumption, death."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Prospective Calico Boom.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, has been calculating what the effect on the calico trade would be if the people of the Congo, who are now clothed chiefly in sun shine, can be induced to wear American and English print. He says that if every inhabitant of the Congo basin should have one Sunday dress every year, more than 300,000,000 yards of cotton or calico would be required; if two Sunday and four everyday dresses were used the enormous total of 3,800,000,000 yards of the approximate value of $80,000,000 would be required. He estimated that a trade of $130,000,000 annually could be secured, and said that it was the easiest matter in the world to induce Africans to wear cotton, when the basin of Congo would be more profitable to England than even India.

Americans constitute about 68 per cent. of the opium-eaters. This may be accounted for in more than one way. The Germans and Irish find relief from their troubles in the anæsthetic effect of beer or whiskey, while the American prefers an agent whose effects, while equally powerful, do not at first incapacitate him from business. Besides this consideration there is another. Americans, and those foreigners who become Americanized, are more highly neurasthenic, that is, their nervous systems are such that they bear their pain badly and demand relief.

How Actors Memorize.

Memory, the faculty by which ideas are retained in the mind, is the main reliance of the actors, and the cultivation and use of this faculty by them is, to say the least, very singular, says the New York *Graphic*. The singer in the opera, who also depends on memory, has the advantage of the actor; for instance, if Adelina Patti, in her rendering of Violetta in "La Traviata," should—and the very best artists are liable to it—omit a few notes, the tenor fail to reach high C easily or the chorus get out of time, one wave of Signor Arditi's baton and the fault is hidden from the audience. Not so with the dramatic performer. He has to speak plain English, and there are no bars of music or anything to hide his imperfections, except he has the voice of the prompter, which, in the majority of cases, only makes his imperfections still more prominent. It is, therefore, interesting to note the different methods actors adopt to study and retain their lines. No man can tell you more about the vagaries of memory than a member of the sock and buskin. In the first place, there are what are called "quick studies"—men or women who can memorize a part very quickly—but the very "quick study," as a rule, cannot retain—that is, if he has studied a part very quickly and played it—if he is called on to repeat the same part after an interval of a few months or even weeks, he has to restudy it as though it were an entirely new role. Then comes the "slow study"—those who have to labor at it carefully and patiently, word by word, line by line, before they can utter the words "trippingly on the tongue;" but it is a singular fact that the "slow study" is as a rule the best actor. The "quick study" is too sure; he can gabble out the words with ease; in short, he is parrot-like. Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, once said, "that nothing so spoiled a dramatic entertainment than when the actors appeared to anticipate the dialogue or the action"—this is exactly what the "quick study" does. The slow one is nervous. To memorize the words of his part has been hard work; but with him there has been an effort to retain them, and this very effort gives him fire, and he acts his character with an impulse which is, after all, the very essence of the histrionic art. To commit to memory a long part—say, for instance, Hamlet, and which next to Iago is the longest in the legitimate drama—is no very easy task. A man playing that character has to recall to mind thousands of words—not only what he has to say himself, but the cues given to him by others. Independent of bearing in mind his own "advice to players," of "suiting the action to the word, the word to the action,"—and the special observance that follows. Different actors have different methods of committing their lines to memory—one will keep in close seclusion, locking himself in a room to study; another will study his part anywhere and at any time, and it is not by any means an uncommon occurrence for a Thespian to be memorizing his lines while he is talking to a friend. The late Charles Thorne used to boast of the fact of having studied some of his best parts while walking along the streets. There is a general impression that Shakespeare is difficult to commit to memory, whereas he is far easier than many other authors, for there is a musical rhythm in his language that is easily fixed upon the recollection. Among the comparatively modern authors Bulwer is far more difficult to memorize, but there is no dramatic writer whose works are as hard to memorize as those of Knowles—for his blank verse, beautiful as it is, is so cramped that old and experienced actors dread to study it. Actors have, by the constant use of the memory, accomplished some strange feats. Some twenty years ago, John Ryder, in England, undertook to memorize a copy of a London newspaper and recite it in public, and he did it, reciting the whole paper from beginning to end. The comedy of "The Game of Speculation" was translated from the French, rehearsed and produced at the Lyceum Theatre in London in four days. Charles Matthews, who played the leading part, Affable Hawk, and who is on the stage throughout four long acts without hardly any intermission, committed the character perfectly to memory in twenty-four hours, or, to make use of his own words after the first night: "I swallowed the whole dose and don't think I spilled a drop." When the curtain rose on the first production of "Pizarro" the last act of the drama was not written, and Brinsley Sheridan wrote off the fifth act in the green-room, the call-boy taking it from him and then distributing it to the different actors as the first four acts were being played, to be studied by them as best they could. The exercise of the thinking powers by members of the profession is at times something wonderful, and it proves how that organ, like any other, can be trained and be relied upon. It happens at times that an actor is called upon to enact a part at a very short notice, and a character he is totally unacquainted with, and perhaps ignorant of the very sense of the play itself. Not long ago, in one of the up-town theatres in this city, an actor was brought to the theatre at half-past seven at night to take the place of a brother professional who was sick. He knew nothing of the piece and had never seen it, for it was a new one from London. He arrived at the theatre a few minutes only before the play would begin, and he had to appear in one of the leading roles. His only opportunity to commit the language to memory was during the intervals he was off the stage. Yet that night he was what is professionally known as "dead-letter perfect." Every one knows that the memory will at times be treacherous, and no man feels this more keenly than the actor. To be standing before a vast crowd of people who are waiting to hear him say something and that something to desert him is indeed painful. Some actors can take the word quickly from a prompter. A sign—a motion—from him will set them right, but there are other old actors to whom the prompter is of little use, and it is no infrequent occurrence for them "to fish for words" or substitute language of their own until they remember the words of the author.

Among the Moors.

It is just ten days since I was in Gibraltar, eight since the caravan of which I formed a unit jogged out of Tangier, and barely double the time since I was quietly at work in a London library, so that it is hard to realize the fact that I am at this moment sitting in a Moorish palace, under an orange grove, in the northern capital of Morocco. Though three or four visitors manage every year to make the journey, a pilgrimage to Fez has not even in Tangier [illegible] of interest. Long before a chalk's [illegible] out the journey's the talk of the place and it must be undertaken very quietly if the beggars and saints of the [illegible]—who are very numerous—do not get wind of it, and are not at the place of departure, ostensibly to pray for the adventurers' safety, but in reality to benefit by the alms which are expected as the reward of such good offices. Undesirous of such a public farewell, we managed to be astir early enough to get the start of the fraternity in question, so that a solitary dervish mumbling a petition to Allah was the only person to benefit by a few handsfull of "floss"—Moorish coin, struck, as Sydney Smith said, about 3-penny bits, "to enable Scotsmen to be generous." The morning was bright as any in June, and the sun, though warm, was not oppressive, as we ambled along among the cactus-hedged gardens and orange groves fenced in with blue bladed aloe, which here grows luxuriantly. Nothing in the semblance of a road was visible, except what countless trains of camels, mules and donkeys had worn in the soil. Sometimes the path led over flat, fertile plains, dotted with patches from which the barley, wheat, millet or Indian corn had been cut, or speckled with herds of cattle, horses, donkeys, and sheep, the property of some cactus surrounded, mud or brush village on the hillside, or watched by a party of wandering Berbers or Arabs, whose camel-hair or palmetto-fiber tents were pitched hard by.

Within a few minutes of leaving Tangier every trace of civilization, even of the Tangier kind, disappeared, and from the first day to the last, with the exception of the filthy city of Al Cazar, built for the most part by Christian slaves, the same description might in general terms apply. The country is full of human interest, but one more monotonous in its features it is scarcely possible to imagine. Rolling brown hills dotted with shrub palmetto, in one instance by heather, or, when not cultivated, by luxuriant crops of thistles, are everywhere the salient characteristics of the country. Until well beyond Al Cazar "Saint Houses," whitened sepulchers, held in profound veneration, and on no account to be defiled by the presence of the infidel, are numerous, but after that point, until near Fez, the evidences of piety are rare. The country is very thinly peopled. Every now and then we met droves of laden camels bound for Tangier, or trains of donkeys laden with reed crates of hens destined for the same markets. At places the fowls would be allowed freedom to feed, as if they had been a herd of cattle, and then, after they had picked up sufficient grasshoppers to satisfy their hunger, they would be secured, and the caravan continue its route.

The country is scarcely cultivated. Capable of supporting millions, a patch here and there is about all that the people find it necessary to till by their rude appliances, though, after leaving out of account the stony hilltops and other places fit only for grazing, the amount of good clay land and flat river bottoms, and black vegetable mold, capable of growing wheat enough to supply all Europe, is enormous. With one exception the people were reasonably friendly, though a watch was kept all night in case they should be tempted to "requisition" our horses. After our dinner, generally taken in the presence of a crowd of brown folk, wrapped up in their white "jellabas," or robes, we "turned in" and slept as well as we could, despite the barking of dogs, the braying of donkeys, the neighing of the stallions which we rode, and the weird cry of our muleteers and soldiers as they prayed toward Mecca.

At other places the sheik would arrive almost as soon as we were in camp with abundance of barley, butter, milk, honey, "kous-kous," fowls, eggs, and cakes, and with a dignity becoming an Arab gentleman, refuse to accept anything in the shape of payment, except a cup of tea in our tent door, though all the time he was wincing at the inflection of drinking what was not brewed according to the recognized Moorish standard of that beverage. At other spots where we halted the head man would be up to shake hands and wish us peace, or to bring some formal present of food and beg that when we returned, we would make it convenient to stay longer than we had done.

Five days was the time reckoned on for making the journey, but it was not until the morning of the eighth that the stream of people whom we met soon after fording the S'boo river, the olive groves and vineyards, the fig and orange orchards, the veiled ladies, and the soldiers on fiery steeds, warned us that we were approaching some great city. There were, however, still interminable hills to be climbed and descended before, from an eminence, there burst before us on a plain running east and west, and, except on one side, surrounded by mountains, the ancient, holy and imperial city of Fez.—*London Standard.*

Protected by a Horse.

A lady well advanced in years was found recently wandering along the road near the residence of Mrs. Colonel Hunt, and, on being questioned, she said she was searching for a buggy containing a child. She had left the buggy a short distance from the house, and the horse attached to it had wandered off. The night was bitter cold. Yesterday it was discovered that the horse had wandered into the woods, and becoming tired, had lain down. The child, a bright little girl, was found by some boys next morning snugly sleeping against the breast of the horse, with its head lying on one of the animal's forelegs. The little one had evidently become cold, and when the horse lay down went to try to make it get up, when, the boys think, the sagacious animal managed to place it with its head on its arm, so to speak, to keep it from freezing to death. The mother was overjoyed to recover her child, and will keep the faithful horse as long as she lives.—*Leavenworth Times.*

"My dear sir, look below," said a Harlem man, just as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazing at a tug hauling a line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does the blowing and the barges bear the burdens."

A talent may be perfected in solitude; a character only in the world.

The Pueblo Acoma.

A Santa Fe letter to the Lawrence (Kan.) *Journal* says: The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Albuquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in New Mexico or the United States. To reach it take the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to McCarthy station and then transfer to an Indian pony and ride eight miles south by east. When near your journey's end you descend almost imperceptibly into the valley six miles in width in the middle of which stands a butte, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This butte is one the many that are the remnants of a mesa that has been worn away by the erosion of ages, and survives only in flat-topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have been there covered with waving grain and flocks of sheep.

Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguna, or Valley Indian, made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter, being the weaker, occupied this butte as a defensive position believed to be impregnable. Their judgment has been abundantly indicated. It has proved a Gibraltar of strength and safety. The comparison is not inappropriate, and in approaching it from the north I was struck with the resemblance to the pictures I have seen of that grim fortress that frowns over the straits to the Mediterranean. The height above the valley is nearly 400 feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent—one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of 45 degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult, and neither is tolerably safe. We chose the one along the fissure. To give an idea of the laboriousness of the task, imagine a stairway starting at Mr. Grosvenor's office and rising to the top of the spire of the Methodist church, then continuing on an easier angle for one hundred feet, and then rising again by a steeper grade than ever to an elevation higher than the weathervane on the university, and this stairway a precarious footing along the sides of a gash in the rugged mountain, and you may know how we reached Acoma. With all the danger and fatigue it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other person—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks, but I am satisfied I could never do it.

They told us a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway several generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

The top of the elevation is level, and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone, honey-combed with rooms; at the other the church and graveyard, and near the centre a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several rods in extent.

The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village around us. When they understood that the title to their lands was in question, and we had come to take testimony, they showed great interest, and discussed the various points involved with remarkable intelligence, considering their limited opportunities for a knowledge of law. As nightfall came on a number of the men who had been at work in the valleys came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept in view of the meagre preparations for supper. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets, and never felt more secure or happier in our lives. When the gray dawn peered through the little mica window-panes it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and through the open tower a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were brought up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnesses, and morning and night as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in the far-off Spain when King George was on the throne. The adobes—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard. It is the only complete graveyard I have ever seen. The old priest seemed very happy in the charge of his flock, and his flock seemed happy in possession of him.

When the time for our departure came there was handshaking and handshaking, and a gracious blessing from the old man and a message to Father de Fonri, and we climbed down from the city in the air and rode back in silence to the railroad.

Cured of Drinking.

D. R. Locke, better known as Petroleum V. Nasby, tells a reporter of the Detroit *Free Press* how he came to leave off drinking, which he did absolutely eighteen months ago. He had been a hard drinker for thirty years. Up to about the time he became forty he had been able to go to bed drunk every night and yet do a reasonable day's work every day, but at this time he was pretty well used up. Application to his duties was beyond his power. He would lie abed until eleven o'clock and then contemplate his boots half an hour at a time without enough energy to pull them on. He would drink four or five whiskies before breakfast and take another nip at that meal, which was a meal of soft boiled eggs. One day the business manager of his newspaper came to him and said that twenty per cent of the subscriptions to the weekly would expire in a week, and it was necessary for him to furnish two or three serial stories, some Nasby letters and a lot of other stuff with which to brighten up the sheet lest the dropping off should be permanent. Locke promised the matter should be ready at an appointed day, but he could not bring himself down to work, and when the time came around he had not prepared a line. As he lay abed, realizing what a miserable creature he was and staring at his boots, he suddenly resolved never to drink another drop of alcohol. He dressed, told the people in the office that he should not be in for three days, and spent most of the day walking about the Toledo wharves, bareheaded, smoking incessantly and with his face to the breeze. He was full of fever, but held out until eleven at night, when he went to bed. The next morning, to his surprise, he was able to eat a small piece of porter house steak, which he had not done before at breakfast in twenty years. At noon he ate a fair lunch and at night a well man's dinner. In three days coffee began to taste good, and solid food had a delicious flavor. The better condition to which he had come was the cause of so much pleasure and exhilaration that he never felt enough like putting it in peril to make him crave liquor again. Now a days about four o'clock in the afternoon he feels a deep depression, not so much for the want of a nip as because he is tired with work. The natural impulse then is to drink, but he beats it down without great effort, and in a little while it passes. He is absolutely certain that if he took one drink he would take forty. He admits that he does not have as much fun as of old, and he doubts whether many reformed drunkards ever enjoy mere physical existence with the same eager zest they knew in more convivial days. To illustrate, he says that when he used to go from his Toledo office over to a well-known bar room and had got in four or five drinks he owned all that side of the street; on ten he had quite a comfortable balance of ready money in bank, and on twenty he owned the whole city.

The Chicago Advocates of Murder.

We read with pain and shame the reports of the speeches at the Socialistic meeting in Chicago on Sunday. Men and women stood up before hundreds of people and announced their desire, if not their purpose, to become cowardly murderers.

The capitalist, said one of the speakers, named Griffin, must take the non capitalists into partnership, "or else, with the assistance of dynamite, leave the world." Another bloodthirsty orator advocated murder as a remedy for social ills, and took no pains to guard his words. Even women applauded these diabolical sentiments, and, more than that, went further than the men in declaring murderous impulses. Miss Lee said that she was ready to shoulder a musket to kill "a mean, dirty, awful capitalist." Mrs. Parsons said that she was as able as her husband to throw dynamite effectively, and she advised ministers of the gentle and loving Gospel to tell their parishioners to "trust in dynamite" instead of "to trust in God."

Such bloodthirstiness and such blasphemy are unspeakably shocking, especially when they are uttered by women. But the language used was that of insanity, and for the time, at least, the speakers were downright lunatics. Yet we are glad that the meeting was allowed to go on undisturbed, for the frantic orators blew off steam, and so were less dangerous characters in a civilized community. Besides, it is well for the people to know just what are the feelings of these crazy monsters who are so much enamored of blood and murder. The horror excited by such boastfully proclaimed sentiments will be almost universal among those they would convert to their criminal creed; and labor will be spared the fearful injury the advocates of assassination would inflict on it.—*The New York Sun.*

Catching the Expression.

I called at Park's studio one morning and was informed that he every minute expected a visit from the great general, Sir Charles James Napier, for whose character and achievements he had the highest admiration. He considered him by far the greatest soldier of modern times, and had prevailed upon the general to sit to him for his bust. Park asked me to stay and be introduced to him, and nothing loth, I readily consented. I had not long to wait. The general had a nose like the beak of an eagle—larger and more conspicuous on his leonine and intellectual face than the Duke of Wellington, whose nose was familiar in the purlieus of the horse guards. It procured for him the title of "conkey" from the street urchins, and I recognized him at a glance as soon as he entered.

On taking his seat for Park to model his face in clay the sculptor asked him not to think of too many things at a time, but to keep his mind fixed on one subject. The general did his best to comply with the request, with the result that his face soon assumed a fixed and sleepy expression, without a trace of intellectual animation. Park suddenly startled him by inquiring. "Is it true, general, that you gave way—retreated in fact—at the battle of——?" (naming the place, which I have forgotten.) The general's eyes flashed sudden fire, and he was about to reply indignantly when Park quietly remarked, plying his modeling tool on the face at the time, "That'll do, general, the expression is admirable!" The general saw through the maneuver, and laughed heartily.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MARY WAS RIGHT.—"Mr. Jinks," said the small boy, running into the parlor where his sister Mary and that gentleman were seated, "what would you do if you were out in the street and it came on to rain?"

"I don't know," answered Jinks.

"Then I guess Mary was right, for she said this morning that she didn't believe you knew enough to go in the house when it rained."

But when Mary had finished with him that evening he made a solemn resolve never to attempt in the future to verify anything his sister might say.—*Boston Post.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.